

got out. Nobody was ever excited about it, for it was just all in the day's work.

There were three kinds of wild grass then that is almost extinct now. Slough grass grew in the marshy places along the rivers, and was much higher than a child's head. Prairie grass covered the great plains, and stood so tall that a man on horseback would appear to be sitting on top of it, for his horse would be invisible. Buffalo grass grew in tufts in the sandy soil out west.

There was no Fairbury then, only the little town of Avoca five miles north that was laid out in the 1840's. It had a store, and a church that became famous in that part of the country as the site of the revival service where almost the entire congregation got the "jerks." With the coming of the railroad, Avoca died a lingering death. (The name "Avoca" means "the meeting of the waters.") Fairbury was laid out in 1857.

Once settled in her new home, grandmother Fugate started right out helping the sick and distressed. Perhaps she had learned it from her mother-in-law. For years she doctored the whole neighborhood until she was called to take care of a strange woman who was not expected to live. She had "black erysipilis," and grandmother Fugate took it. Her head became as big as a bucket. That time grandfather put his foot down flat--never again for anybody. As grandma James said, "She surely earned her crown in Heaven."

Grandfather was tall and slender, with that typical reddish-blond Fugate hair, fair skin and bluest of blue eyes. He was strong, hard working, kind hearted, and quick to resent an injury or to do a good deed. He was the first county Supervisor, serving one term.

As he became prosperous he wanted better things for his family, and built a lovely home for them on the east side of the Vermillion river.

West

The family were living on the first floor while the bedrooms were being finished. Three days after Dan was born, the carpenters packed up their tools and left at noon. By four o'clock the house was in ashes.

John Kring, who was living in Fairbury, saw the smoke, and jumped on his horse to ride out and tell the family. That was the first they had known of it, and then it was too late. All they could do was to try and save some of the outbuildings. One of them was the milk house, and the men caught up the pails of milk to throw on the fire. Little Chubb Fugate caught sight of them, and, suddenly remembering his pet faun, danced up and down, shrieking, "Save some milk for Billy Boy! Save some milk for my Billy Boy!"

During the frantic efforts to save something from the fire, the new baby was taken into the cornfield for safety. Everything was lost, even their clothes. The family went to Fairbury to stay with Aunt Chloe Bartlett, Grandpa Beach's sister, until they could get organized once more.

The next morning, Grandfather Fugate and Uncle Cicero Bartlett, her husband, drove to the Avoca store. He bought a whole bolt of black and white calico, the only goods they had. Aunt Chloe and grandmother Fugate set to work and made all the clothes for all the family from that black and white calico.

Poor little Mary Frances, grandma Filley, had never had anything but pretty white clothes, and, with the new dark dresses, she had to be compelled to go to school.

The family lived in the smoke house for a short time until their neighbors on the west decided to sell out and go back to Indiana. If was an improved farm of 160 acres but there was no public road, and grandfather Fugate donated a strip of land a mile long and forty feet wide to have access to his new place.

The new home was beautiful even when it was deserted years later.

It stood on a crest of land that sloped gently away through the woods to the Vermillion River. A porch ran across the back of the house, and here the women sat on pleasant afternoons, great-grandma Wray always in her own rocking chair in the corner by the rain barrel.

Every afternoon, rain or shine, it was always the custom to be dressed up, and the correct thing was to wear a beautiful, full, white, hand-made apron over your dress. There was sharp distinction in clothes. The very best dress, and the wedding dress was cotton, for cotton, before the gin, was scarce. The "second best" dress was silk, and the "common ones" were of wool or homespun.

Grandma Fugate always had a hired girl to help her, but there was never an idle moment. They would take turns reading aloud while the rest ate apples or nuts, and knit.

She was always a beautiful woman. She had hazel eyes and brown hair, and was short and very plump. She had plenty of spirit, too. Her son Dan married Jennie Hanna who had been their hired girl for years, ever since she was fourteen or fifteen years old. Jennie was a nice girl, but it was no marriage for a Fugate. Grandfather Fugate even offered him eighty acres of land to give her up. He took the land--and the girl. It was the bitterest kind of a pill for them to swallow, and it didn't help matters any when an old friend, Sadie McDowell Ramsey, (E. B.'s grandmother), ~~kumped~~ humped her eyebrows, sniffed, and asked how they liked "having a Hanna in the family."

Thirty years later, Aunt Peach happened into grandma's house, and found her dressing to go out. She had on a very lovely and brand new outfit that she had just bought in Peoria. Come to find out, she was on her way over to Sadie Ramsey's. Her son Elmer had just been married, and grandma wanted to know how she liked "having a Hanna in the family!"

Grandmother Fugate's kitchen there on the farm was a lovely place. It had been originally a separate house that had been bought after the fire. It was very cheerful, with its exposures to the north, east and west, and in the winter time the men brought their harness in there to mend.

Grandmother always had a dish of honey on the table, and always, on Friday afternoon, they roasted the coffee for the whole week.

She differed decidedly from her son-in-law grandfather Abel Filley, on the subject of cows. She thought that every woman should know how to milk a cow. Grandfather Filley never could stand it to see a woman milking a cow or working in the garden. To do that work, he always kept an old darkey who had a cabin down in the pasture near the cows.

Grandfather Fugate's people had owned slaves in Kentucky, but he, possibly thru the influence of grandmother Gray, was a station of the Underground Railway between Strawn and Odell. The fugitives stayed in a little cabin back in the woods. The men went at night and got back in the night. One negro was buried there on the creek bank.

Grandmother and grandfather were openhanded and generous in their hospitality. It was the old custom to invite the minister, and any stranger at church, besides your own friends, to have Sunday dinner with you, which was always a big one. Grandmother thought he rather overdid it, however, when he invited Robert Ingersoll, the famous atheist, who had spoken at Ambury Hall, (Central Theater to you) She was furious.

Another guest she didn't like any too well was "old man Oliver," ²⁰ ⁷⁹ ⁹⁶ who always stopped on his trips to Ottawa. This was Francis Oliver, who lived South of Chatsworth, which made him practically a neighbor. I think that perhaps he was the very first white man out this way. At

any rate, he was a great friend of the Indians. He understood their customs and their psychology, and they liked him so much that one of their Indian Chiefs was named for him. There was a Kickapoo Village that later became known as "Oliver's grove," and he came and went among them as he pleased, even during the Blackhawk War. It was he who got the few and practically unarmed white settlers out of this new territory and on their way back to Indiana when that war broke out. Later, when the Kickapoos were moved out of here, he settled where their village had been, and to this day it is known as "Oliver's Grove." His house was at a point that made it a common stopping place for people on their way west, and, when travelers began disappearing without leaving a trace, it began to have a very unsavory reputation. Grandfather Lewis and Uncle Hunter stopped there on their way to Kansas to buy Hunter a farm. Both wore belts full of gold around their waists, and I can well imagine that they slept on their guns.

Chloe Fugate, who had married a McDowell, died leaving a baby daughter (Cousin Gertie Henderson). Her last wish was that her mother would raise the baby, but her husband took the baby to his own mother. Grandmother and grandfather Fugate were sorely hurt, and grandfather cut them out of his will.

Grandfather Fugate died August 22, 1834, and in 1899 grandmother married for the third time. She was Richard Crouch's fourth wife, and he had twelve children.

During the war he had been an ardent abolitionist and a rather noisy one, perhaps. At any rate, there were a bunch of "Copperheads" out South of Fairbury--the Hieronymous, Spence and Darnall families, and some others. In some way, he found out that they were going to have a meeting at the schoolhouse to plan what they were going to do to him. He went early and

crawled in under the puncheon floor and listened to them discussing tarring and feathering him, and riding him out of town on a rail. He let them go home undisturbed that night, but the next morning he hunted up each one of them individually and thrashed the daylights out of them. They never dared to touch him after that.

Grandmother James went to her grandmother's wedding and Aunt Rosamond to her great grandmother's. Grandmother Filley, grandma Fugate's daughter, refused to go. And the most acute embarrassment suffered by the family as a whole, was when they walked the aisle in church the following Sunday holding hands and sat down in his pew with eight of his children. They were married fifteen years before he died.

Grandmother Fugate died after a fall, January 23, 1916.

Grandmother James

Grandmother James always was a venturesome little ghing and liked to walk on fences and roofs, and to jump ditches. (How history does repeat itself!)

Her sister, Ruth, (Marjorie Fulton's mother) was just as different as she possibly could be. She was little and fat, and placid, and liked to sew "doll rags." She would sit on grandmother Fugate's lap by the hour. She was never able to keep up with grandma James, and would revenge herself by biting her. Grandmother never struck her in return, but would simply jump a ditch to get out of the way, and then Ruth would cry and run to her mother to be comforted.

In spite of all her activity, grandmother was very frail when she was small. She hated milk, and she didn't like to eat. Dr. Brewer prescribed sweet pills for her and her chums, the Dominy twins. They used to take them to school with them.

It was he who had ordered the pony for her, and when she was ten years old, her father had gotten a sorrel and white one, on the condition that she would take care of it herself. From that time on she never walked anywhere, and she was always in a bunch on horseback--eight girls and four to six boys. The girls used side saddles, of course. Even if they rode bareback they rode sideways, but that was just to bring the horse in from the pasture, and they always used a blanket or sack to protect their clothes. Each girl had two habits; a best one and second best. Both of them just touched the ground. They were usually blue, and most of the time worn with caps with bills. Stiff hats were reserved for dress parades.

Always she was very particular about her pony's appearance, and reserved the suds on washday to scrub him off.

They always decorated their horses for the Fourth of July parade. On one occasion she wore a light blue paper cambric riding habit that almost touched the ground and was covered with silver stars. Instead of a cap, she wore a crown trimmed with stars, and she rode a white horse.

Nearly every waking moment was spent on her horse. She used to start the pony out of the yard on a run, and yell back to her mother that she was going to grandfather Fugate's and wouldn't be back right away. The pony was nearly always headed for the farm.

That farm of her grandfather's was just about as near Paradise as any little girl is going to find in this drab old world, for there was grandfather himself. She was the oldest grandchild and his pet until he died, when she was eighteen. She followed him everywhere about the place. She remarked later that it wasn't exactly healthy to get very far away, since there were three uncles, Hank, Chubb and Dan, who loved to play tricks on her. I can well imagine. She never took immediate revenge, but lay in wait until a golden opportunity presented itself and the effects would be devastating. Grandfather Fugate never allowed anyone to punish her for it, and told them that they ought to be able to take care of themselves.

He always made so much of her. When she got her pony he had a little log barn made for exclusive use, so that she wouldn't have to go into his big one and back of the work horses.

Always grandmother James and her gang were welcome out there. They usually took the carriage and a couple of ponies for transportation. There was always something they wanted to do out there. If there were apples, they went to the orchard and got a basket full, washed them and poked them over to see that there were no worms, and made cider on grandfather's hand press. Nearly always they took the cider home. If there were watermelons, there were always some for them to carry home on their ponies. If nothing more fascinating presented itself, and their ponies

were dusty, they would take them down to the creek and wash them.

Perhaps it was because grandmother Filley (Grandmother Jame's mother) was an invalid, and grandfather Filley was gone a great deal of the time on cattle buying trips, thus making her the head of that little household, that caused her grandfather Fugate take special pains to teach her thrift and money value. (Perhaps not. I have an idea that he would have done it anyway.) At any rate, by the time she was ten years old she was doing all the family marketing and paying all the family bills. She took the care of the house and always, until she was married--no matter how late, she had been out the night before--(in fact, if it had been very late, her father, if there, took particular pleasure in getting her out extra early) she got up and got the breakfast.

As long as he lived grandfather Fugate gave her all her spending money. When she came out to see him he would ask to see her pocketbook. She didn't dare be broke, and, the more she had left from the last time, the more he would give her. Then, when she had saved enough, he would suggest a trip into town to buy something nice for her. It made the habit of a life time, and grandmother says that even yet she can't bear to take the last cent out of her pocketbook. She and the Dominy girls always carried their pocketbooks to school with them, although they never bought anything, and, when the Fairbury Fair came along, they saved their money all week until Friday when they had bargain rates and they could get two bags of peanuts for a nickle. They always had their picture taken at the Fair, year after year.*

She and the Dominy girls were "best chums" and one of her great pleasures was to ride in their sleight after school.

When she had a girl down to stay all night with her they would get out

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Grandmother holds a record: she has attended every session of the Fairbury Fair since it began.

on the one story kitchen roof from her upstairs bedroom window, and sit out there in their nighties to eat green apples from the overhanging tree. (They were eaten with salt.)

If grandfather Fugate never punished her, grandmother made up for it, because, it seemed to her, she was spanked every time she turned around-- that is, if grandfather wasn't there. Her sister Ruth was her grandmother's favorite, whereas she was just possessed to play in the big rain barrel that stood at the end of the porch. Ruth, of course, would follow suit immediately, and grandma Wray would call grandma Fugate to come and spank them. As she was the oldest, and had led Ruth into trouble, she got the spanking, and Ruth escaped, to her intense disgust.

When she was about eight years old, in 1876, Uncle Lige (Elijah) and Aunt Emma Filley went to the Centennial in Philadelphia. They took with them four children including Daisy Centennial, who was six weeks old, and mother James' grandfather Filley, who lived with them. She remembered their telling about the trip because their train had to be ferried across the Mississippi. They made a "grand tour" of the East, stopping at Boston, Hartford, Plymouth, and other points of interest. When they came back they took her home with them. She, her mother and sister spent every summer out there for about five years. They stayed all summer because her father was a cattle buyer for her Uncle and was away on long trips going out on the cattle trains. They always went just as soon as school was out.

The big ranch was near Beatrice, Nebraska, and it was close to an Indian Reservation. Only eighty miles away were the herds of buffalo, and her father and Uncle went on hunts. The family in Fairbury had buffalo meat all the time that was sent from there. It was called "jerked meat" and was taken from along the back. It was delicious.

In Uncle Lige's family there was Fitch, who was twelve, Hiram, ten (grandma James was nine) and Emily was seven. Then there were two little

boys, Oscar and Elmer, and Daisy Centennial, the baby. An overseer and a seamstress ate with the family and the guests, but the thirty husky cowboys were fed by themselves. Aunt Emma had a man who cooked and did nothing else. She had two enormous stoves. One was in the kitchen for the preparation of the ordinary meals, and the other was in the dining room for the baking of bread and the extra cooking.

Aunt Emma kept a sharp eye on everything there at the house, but she needed several extra to keep track of all the children. She was very particular to keep her pantry door locked, but the room also had a door into the cellar, and once in a while she forgot to lock that one.

The barrels of tobacco, apples, candy and raisins, she kept at the foot of her bed, and the children did not dare to go in there. Daisy Centennial was the only one who was allowed to go into her mother's room, and the older children would get her to hand the things out to the window to them.

It was not that she was stingy, but a waste of supplies that far from town was serious business. She was the one who always made the trips to town to bring home the groceries and the pay roll. Grandma James, enjoying the privilege of being "company", got to go every time, but her mother only went when she had to buy something. It was too exciting for her.

When they went to town they started immediately after dinner. The ladies, dressed in their best, for going to town was a stylish affair, went out to the barn and got into the spring wagon. When all the passengers were in, Aunt Emma took the whip in her right hand, wound the reins around her fists, and braced her feet. The men then untied the mules, threw off the ropes, and the mules went out of that barn on the dead run. These mules, used only on these occasions, were special ones that had long legs and plenty of wind, and they had been trained to run. They never

slackened speed until they were safe in the livery barn at Beatrice. It must have been "something" when they stopped!

The ladies straightened their clothing, did their shopping and had their supper. Then the packages were put into the wagon and the precious bags of money were carefully placed so that they could not jolt out, the ropes were thrown off, and away they went in a whirl of dust that would have made a Roman charioteer grind his teeth with envy. Never once did anyone attempt to hold up Aunt Emma. They would have been smothered.

She must have been a remarkable woman. Beside her having grit and executive ability, she took great pride in her "commonness." When the Republican Nominating Committee was there she wore an ordinary housedress and apron. It cost Lige the Governorship.

She must have had great patience, too, in dealing with all those children, for grandma James and Hiram, who was a year older, made a hair-raising pair.

One day the cook did something--probably involving the refusal of some special food--that aroused a lively desire for revenge in grandma. Hiram got up on the roof of the house and grandma handed up the bricks and boards. They smoked everybody out quite nicely, which was little less painful than the time they threw red pepper on the stove.

Grandma James herself was immune from punishment. In the first place she was "company." The second, and more important reason, was that her father always told her to go right on ahead and have all the fun she wanted. He never shipped her himself, and he would have thrashed anyone else that touched her. Hiram caught most of the spankings that belonged to her, not so much from a sense of chivalry as the knowledge that, if he told on her, she would make it her business to get even with him some way, and with an ingenuity that was very often disconcerting.

She was not even punished about the Pig Scandal.

Now, Uncle Lige had a very large stone barn that was built on the side of a hill, and had a graded driveway up to the big front door. At the end of the barn driveway there was a door that looked out into space. There was a bar across it to protect the horses. Underneath were the cattle pens.

Uncle Lige, along with his cattle, raised a great many hogs. Hiram and Olive had the grand idea of shutting the back door of the barn and collecting a lot of hogs in the driveway. Then they took turns sitting on the fence down outside, while the other one opened the door and drove the hogs out into thin air. For some reason, they enjoyed it immensely, although, for grandmother, anything but a pig in pain would have sickened her.

Poor Uncle Lige simply could not understand why there were so many of his pigs with broken legs and backs, until the overseer finally caught the children at it. He usually did not tell on them, but this time it was too serious. Hiram got what properly belonged to him, but grandfather Filley just laughed himself sick--they weren't his pigs.

A much milder amusement was to watch the long horns come in. At three o'clock every afternoon at the ranch and at grandfather Fugate's she went down to sit on the gate post of the corral fence to see the cattle come home. She felt safer there, and could enjoy things better.

They liked, also, to ride their ponies down to where the men were herding cattle. The particular enjoyed helping to salt them. The men used prairie schooners for this, and they went for miles across the plains throwing out the salt, the cattle rushing from all directions to get it.

One of the horses, used by the men in herding, was a yellow pony by the name of buckskin. He was a particularly wise little horse, and was invaluable in keeping the cattle together. Every once in a while the new cattle that had been added to the herd would try to go home and start a

stampede. Buckskin never failed to see the movement. Even if it happened on the other side of the herd he would make a dash for them, and he would never come back until the last of the cattle were in place.

He fascinated grandmother James, and she became obsessed by the desire to ride him. Every time she went out on the range she teased the men to let her ride until she so wore them down that, in a weakened moment, they allowed her to get on him. Everything went beautifully for a while, and she was feeling quite proud of herself, when Buckskin made a lightning break for the other side of the herd. The men were paralyzed, and she was given the ride of her life, although she did manage to hang on by his mane and the pommel. She never wanted to ride Buckskin again except in the barn lot.

Grandmother's father, Abel Filley, had been a Scout in the Union army, and fought at Du Vall's Bluffs, Arkansas, where Aunt Peach used to live. Shortly before the end of the war he was captured and put into the famous Libby Prison, and they exchanged twenty men to get him back. That is, she thought that was the number. It was of great regret to her that she did not remember more of her father's stories about the war, but she did vividly remember the soldiers that came there to visit with him.

Another thing that she remembered was that he always carried dried bunches of raisins in his pocket. He bought them by the dollar's worth and they were always kept in a cupboard where the children could help themselves, but they never wasted them.

One of his peculiarities was that he never liked little boys.

Grandmother Filley, was sweet, little, gentle and frail, and her daughter must have caused her great anxiety at times. When she was tiny she used to get out in the slough grass along the river at the Fugate farm. It was so high that there was no telling where she was, but the dog, who always went with her, would jump up out of the grass and bark.

She was very proper too and thought it was dreadful if she saw any little boys peeking through the picket fence at the little girls. (Every house in Fairbury was surrounded by a picket fence.)

Grandfather and grandmother lived where Uncle Hewt and Marjorie Fulton do now. That gave grandma James practically a ringside seat on any excitement going on downtown.

She and her husband were progressive people and had their daughters vaccinated for small pox. Dr. Brewer vaccinated grandmother twice without either scar taking. When he vaccinated her the third time, all three of them took.

Grandmother Pilley hated jewelry, and so, on her tenth wedding anniversary,* the "tin" one, some of their friends (of course the McDowell boys were in on it) went to the tin smith and had a complete set of "jewelry" made. (They used cookie cutters for the ear rings) They made her put it all on and then have the picture taken.

The night that grandmother James graduated from High School was the first time that she had ever "put up" her hair. Always she had worn it in great thick golden braids, so long that she sat on them. All the girls in the class were elaborately dressed, and at the end of the oration two flower girls carried the flowers and gifts from the families and friends in the audience up to the graduating class.

She married when she was *nineteen* years old and almost broke her father's heart, for, he said, "A Johnny Reb acted just like poison" on him. He had been gone when ^{Grandpa James} Percy met the family and they all liked him so much that there was nothing to do but give in, gracefully or not.

* Grandfather and Grandmother Beach had been guests at the real wedding which was held at the home farm.

Mother said that whenever Grandfather would go to talking about the hardships of their pioneer life, she would always end by shaking his head and saying, "Ah, but those were the good old days."

Grandma and Grandpa Beach

I know relatively little about my grandmother Beach. She died when I was ten, and my mother missed her so much that it was hard to talk about her.

Grandma Beach's mother died when she was very young, leaving six little children. I suppose the new step-mother was kind enough in her way, but grandma and her sister, Sally, never forgot having to go outdoors to get to their bedroom on cold stormy nights, nor the fact that she took all of their mother's lovely hand woven linen to make diapers for her own children. Nor did she trouble herself to tell them any of the facts of life. Grandma was climbing a tree when she began to menstruate, and was dreadfully frightened.

Grandma was born in Hamilton County, Ohio, July 9, 1828. She married Thomas Beach in 1852, and her brother, Cicero Bartlett, who was a doctor, married Chloe Beach, his sister. Two years later they moved to Illinois and bought the farm on which is what is known as "the old stone quarry" or "horse hole." The house is still standing back on the knoll west of the bridge, and Aunt Mamie Ficklin owns the place now.

Grandfather built a little two room log cabin for his wife and two little girls, Sarah and Chloe, and they settled down to the typical pioneer life of the time. For warmth they all slept in one big bed with the two babies in the middle, and in the morning, grandfather would have to get up first and sweep out the snow that had blown between the chinks during the night, so that he could get to the fireplace and fix the fire.

In summer it was the "shakes and fever." You shook with ague one day and burned with fever the next. Grandmother used to cook enough

Mother was named for Ella and Lavanda
Bartlett, two of grandmother's half sisters.
Her sister Sarah was named for Grandmother's
full sister, Sally, and Chloe for Grandpa's
sister,

on the fever days in order that she could go to bed with the shakes on the alternate.

Grandfather was a good shot and brought home many quail. Grandma made them into big pies, especially for Christmas dinner and supper. And they had grand wild turkey dinners. All his life, though, grandfather Beach was partial to a good squirrel pie. Sometimes, when supplies got very low, grandma made pies of sorrel grass. For the mincemeat, the children had to seed the raisens. They were made to whistle while they worked, so that they would not eat them.

As a child, an orange was a great treat to my mother. They usually each got one at Christmas time. They were saved for days and days, and finally eaten, peel and all.

Sarah and Chloe had one little escapade. The deed to the farm was kept in a trunk and had a number of pretty stamps on it. One day, while grandma was outside, the girls found it and cut out the pictures. Grandma spent the rest of the afternoon pasting the pieces together. (We still have this).

The little boy, their only son, Latham Beach, died at birth, the victim of a drunken doctor. Nearly all the doctors had gone to the Civil War, and the few that were left were so hard driven to care for the sick that they had to resort to whiskey, sometimes with disastrous results.

Grandfather brought his family to town just before mother was born. She was so tiny that a male relation volunteered that he didn't think that she was worth raising.

With the war still going on, help was hard to get, but a kind neighbor sent in things to eat for grandma. She was unable to enjoy them because of her wistful eyed little girls who missed their mother's own good cooking. Later grandma and Aunt Sally were baking bread. Some

Grandfather Beach always had all his grain from the farms hauled into town and stored in great cribs of his own. These stood on the North side of the railroad along about where the lumber yards are now. One summer, when I was a little girl, and when things were very dry, a spark from an engine set them afire and they all burned to the ground. After that Grandfather had cribs built on each farm.

soldiers came along and took it all.

Grandfather lived in what was known as "East Fairbury". His house was what is now the Weber residence, a block North of Troehler's Cleaning Works, and he owned a hardware store.*

Fires in town were very ^{frequent} and they never went to bed at night without carefully folding their clothes on a chair where they could be instantly snatched if needed. One night a house nearby caught fire, and grandpa worked most of the night pouring water on his own roof to keep the sparks from igniting. Some of the furniture was removed, and mother sat out in the street for several hours in our red rocking chair to keep it from being stolen.

Toys were scarce. Chloe once had a dearly loved sugar doll. Mother begged for it, and accidentally dropped it and broke it.

She ^{chloe} had a "bran doll" too, a rag doll stuffed with bran. In a spirit of deviltry, one day, she held it out to the cow, saying, "come, bossie, come eat my doll." The old cow did, and never minded her shrieks of anguish.

They were always very proper children. They sat quietly in their little chairs and never tore around or played outdoors. They loved magazines, treasuring every little picture that they found in them, and Sarah and Chloe made mother a picture book of them coloring some of the favorite ones themselves. Mother always kept this, and after I was married she gave it to me.

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The Bartlett family had a store, too, on the corner where Edith Bartlett Puffer lives now. Their home was next door to that.

In west Fairbury, there were two story buildings all around the water tower square. Across the street south, where grandma James still owns property, was the "Arcade Block," a group of one story business houses.

Aunt Emma Taylor told this story: When Sarah died she was ~~taken~~ back to Ohio & be buried. Then, when Chloë died, Grandfather bought a lot in the Cemetery here, and she was brought back. For some reason, her coffin was opened before it was shipped, and those that saw it said that her body was in perfect condition and that there was a distinct odor of roses. Then, as the air reached it, everything crumbled to dust.

(white tube roses, which are heavily fragrant, are commonly used for funerals.)

Mother had a doll's tea set too, which she gave to Ella. Grandma and grandpa went to Chicago and told her that they would bring her "something nice", if she were good. Sometimes, as a little girl, if I was superlatively good, I was allowed to play with it, but I always had to be very, very careful. (The little doll chair in the trunk room was mother's too.)

When mother was five, tragedy struck. Sarah died of "quick consumption" when she was only fourteen. The picture of her that hangs in our library was done only a short time before her death. Mother remembered grandpa holding her up so that she might see Sarah as she lay in her coffin. Seven years later Chloe passed quite suddenly, of the same complaint, while sitting in her chair. A final crushing load was added when Dr. Fraley told them ^{that} mother would never live to be sixteen.

They took her to California that winter. We still have the big hamper that carried their food, for everyone had to carry all their eatables with them, though they did have berths to sleep in.

Under the circumstances, it is readily understandable why grandfather never even pretended to punish mother. His awfulest threat, given under great stress, was, "Elly, if you don't behave yourself, I'll tell your mother!" Grandmother did spank her once or twice.

Our house was built in 1875. Grandfather bought a farm at the edge of town which included the ground that mother and father later donated to the Township High School. He sold Krings a portion for their greenhouse and fields, and set out the grove of trees north of Lewis Field, building a driveway there. For some reason, however, he changed his mind, and chose the present site. The first driveway was on the west side until a flaw in the land description was discovered, giving it to the neighbor, and he made another on the East, next to Harringtons.

Cousin Jim Lilly says that the architecture of this house is masonic and very rare. He had never seen anything like it (in a house) before. The keystones above the windows are the Masonic emblems, and the one above the front door, which was cut off when the new porch was built, imitates Hebrew script. Both Grandfather and the builder, Tom George, were masons.

Mr. Tom George built the house for grandfather. Originally the kitchen was only one story, but shortly before mother was married they added the west side downstairs, which included the bathroom and hallway, and the second story.

I remember things so well. Grandmother and grandfather Beach, as did mother and father after them, always sat in the bay window. Grandma sat to the south in the green plush rocking chair that now stands in my bedroom. Grandpa's chair was a great stationary rocker of black leather that had a big roll for a headrest. Nobody liked the chair but himself, and mother gave it away after he died.

Next to grandma's chair, in the corner by the south window, was our red rocker, and, in the opposite corner by the dining room door, stood the desk bookcase that is now in the upper rear hall upstairs. The double doorway into the dining room had a wooden grille work above, and very heavy green velvet portiers. On either side of the door into the hall hung immense crayon portraits of grandma and grandfather themselves.

The dining room, of course, besides the table and chairs, had a heavy sideboard with a mirror above it, and a glass china cabinet.

The parlor, now our library, was kept with the shades drawn to protect the green velvet carpet with the big pink roses. In the exact center of the room was a square black lacquer table with a bowl on it containing the Christmas cards that grandma delighted to save. That is all that I remember of that room because of grandfather Latham Bartlett's picture. Grandmother and grandfather Bartlett's great crayon portraits hung on the east wall of the room. His picture, which was distinctly cross in effect, (as I look at it now, tho, he was only being very dignified), was taken looking straight at the camera, with the result

All the woodwork in the house was true
Victorian - dark brown with artificial graining.

that his eyes followed me about the room. He always terrified me so that I was never able to look at anything else.

Grandma and grandpa Beach always slept in the bedroom downstairs--the rumpus room to you. The bed was next the hall door and there was a fireplace between the closet doors that had a big astronomical clock on the mantelpiece that told the day of the month and the phases of the moon besides giving the time. Grandfather had the fireplaces in his bedroom, the library, and Olive Mae's room bricked up because they smoked. They were all of black marble.

The bathroom was divided into two rooms. The first one contained the lavatories--two bowls of brown marble, and the second room was for the toilet. Its water reservoir was up above and operated by a pull chain.

I remember nothing about the upstairs except my mother's rooms. These were a bedroom and dressing room connected by a large arch. The bed stood in what is now the bathroom, and was a huge black walnut affair that nearly touched the ceiling. An equally massive marble topped dressing table stood between the south windows in the other room, and in the east window stood the drum head table with a dish on it that I loved. It was a large bowl of rough gilt pottery and had a cat on the edge of it. (Virginia Ficklin has the dish)

And in the upper hall a circular stairway, the foot closed by heavy curtains, went up into the tower. I was positively forbidden to go up there for fear I would fall.

All the rooms in the house were lighted by many branched gas chandeliers hung from the center ceilings. The gas was artificially manufactured by a machine in the cellar (it is still there) and the tank was filled in the back yard. I well remember father almost blowing himself up with the thing.

The present sidewalk going out to the garage is part of the original walks-

Outdoors there was the barn, of course, where the horses and cow were kept, and the two room summer kitchen that, by my time, had become the laundry and woodshed. This used to stand where the driveway comes up to the pump now.

There were many pine trees around the house and a big pink Tartarian honeysuckle in the east yard. A big clump of grandma's favorite "day lillies" were at the end of the porch.

Out in front were two great ornamental vases that, after we moved there, were broken by falling branches in a storm. For years a gas lamp on a post stood on either side of the front steps, and a reclining child statue on each side of the head of the steps.

And the dear old lions! When they were first put out a large family of children lived where Brennens do now. Harry Perlee, Aunt Sally's son, was just married, and all their friends came up to grandpa's house to chivari them. The din was terrific, but above the racket they could hear a youngster yelling: "Oh, Mama, Mama, come quick! Beaches' lions is busted loose!"

I well remember when the new porch was built, principally because they found my cat. Old Madam had been missing for some time, and when the men were tearing down the old porch one of them held up her dried remains by the tail. The new porch had "T. A. Beach" in the tile at the top of the steps. We still have the original porch furniture out there, though, from the present indications, it may not last much longer.

Everything in the house revolved around grandma, and grandfather never came in the door without calling for her.

Grandfather, 'Uncle Tommy' to the whole town, was small and thin, and wore a long full white beard. I loved to sit in his lap in the bay window and turn his beard back to see the black hair underneath. He caught that beard on fire one time once a gas jet in the cellar.

Grandmother, in middle age, was quite stout, and then, as all ^{the} women in our family do, lost flesh as she grew older until she was very small. She always wore rich silk dresses and dear little lavender bonnets that tied under her chin.

Grandfather, by now, was a leading banker in Livingston County and one of the principal land owners. In 1885 he owned two thousand four hundred acres. His bank was Bartlett, Beach and Dominy, (a family affair) and my father told of his anxiety when he carried the institution thru a business panic single handed. Those bankers had a proud record, for no one who did business with them ever lost any money. Prominent business men called him the last great banker of Livingston County, and when the bank, under Herbert Powell, who succeeded to the firm, failed in 1929, mother went down and removed his picture from the wall and never allowed it to be returned.

He was a very progressive man. He built two stone roads to his farms with his own money, and they are in use today. He had one of the first automobiles in the County. It was an electric, and he had hoped to be able to drive around and see his farms with it, but it nearly always ran out of "juice", and then he had to send for Harley Bedell, his handy man, to come and push us back into town.

He took me for a ride one day, together with a little girl who was visiting Harrington's. In some way, he ran into a ditch on the south side of town and hit a telephone post. I was thrown clear over the "dashboard". I struck my head on a stone, and the next thing I remembered was father working over me at home.

Grandfather took all the guests home from one of my parties, though, and, I tell you, that was style!

But I am getting ahead of myself.

Aunt Sally and grandma Beach visited each other every summer.

They alternated. The two sisters were quite different. Grandma was quiet and steady, but Aunt Sally was up and coming and wanted to run things. Uncle John, her husband, was the kind that, whatever Sally did was all right.

She made me beautiful picture books that I have always kept, and I have many lovely things she embroidered for grandma.

But cloth wasn't the only thing she embroidered, and I think that she is responsible for three fourths of the spurious "family traditions" that I have had to kill during my research work.

Grandfather Beach was the kind of person with whom blood ties were very strong, and any Beach kin could make a definite claim on him. He dearly loved his relations.

Mother was very musical, besides having great talent for painting in oils, and so they sent her to Cincinnati College of Music. Her cousin, Edith Bartlett, had married Elmer Lewis and her sister, Emma had married his nephew, Hiett Taylor. Presently Elmer's younger brother, George, a medical student, came out to visit his relatives, and he met her. He was a jolly young fellow with a good voice, and he became decidedly interested in her. He shipped back some statuary in care of his brother. Edith thought they were for her, unpacked them, and put them in her front window, and wasn't very pleasant when the mistake was discovered. (The stuffed canaries under the bell glass was of this period, too.)

The wedding, immediately following father's graduation from Bellevue Medical University, was "tops" as a social event. All her trousseau was from Chicago, and of the loveliest. She weighed only ninety eight pounds at the time, and when I was ten years old I couldn't get on her tiny wedding slippers. (The bride and groom on her wedding cake were used on mine.)

Grandfather dearly loved to go down the street telling about Tommy's latest antics to anyone who would listen.

They went to live in Millersburg, Ohio, near father's old home, where he began his practice, and grandfather Beach promptly went into a decline. He grieved so for her that they finally told her-she was waiting for him- so the upshot was that they came back to Fairbury to live with grandma and grandpa Beach.

Tommy was born in her bedroom upstairs, and, two years later, Mamie-Amelia as she was christened. She never could pronounce the Amelia, and corrupted it to 'Mamie', which stuck.

With the coming of the grandchildren, things began to liven up around the old home. There was one morning when the coffee had quite a distinctive flavor. Tommy had put a cake of soap in the crock of milk.

On another occasion grandmother found him stirring up her jar of polish with grandfather's shoe blacking brush. But the time he turned her over and cut off Mamie's baby curls earned him a good stout licking.

He tied up mother's shoestrings, too. Every woman then wore high laced shoes, and he tied these together. She got up to answer the door with the baby in her arms and nearly went flat on her face.

They had a terrible time trying to "housebreak" him. He would hide behind a door until everything was over, then stick his head around and slyly observe, "Tommy tinkum boy."

Any how, grandfather decided to build mother a house of her own right across the street; so we were constantly back and forth without usually being underfoot.

Grandfather did love parties. He came over to all of ours, and any house was good for them to have a family gathering. Mother was the same, and I must have inherited it from her.